

IF HIS NAME WERE MANDINGO

A prayer candle won't always solve the confusion.
The go-go won't always take the mind off things.
Our lives don't get better with coke
they just—get away from us.

There doesn't have to be a bomb
if we make up our minds
we don't want to die that way.
We're told what's right from left.
We're told there is good and evil,
laws and punishment,
but no one speaks of the good in evil
or the evil in good.

You wanna sleep on my chest?
You wanna listen to my heart beat
all through the night?
It's the only jazz station
with a twenty-four-hour signal
if you wanna listen.
If you know what I mean.

He speaks good damn English to me.
I'm his brother, Carver.
He doesn't speak
that "dis" and "dat" bull
I've seen quoted.
Every word he speaks
rings clear in my head.
I don't suppose you ever
hear him clearly?
You're always busy,
seeking other things of him.
His name isn't important.
It would be coincidence
if he had a name,
a face, a mind.
If he's not hard-on
then he's hard up
and either way
you watch him.
You want crossover music.
You want his pleasure
without guilt or capture.
You don't notice
many things about him.
He doesn't always
wear a red ski cap,
eat fried chicken,
fuck like a jungle.
He doesn't always